

LIFE WITH 'WOOF, WOOF' DADDY COLD AND TERRIFYING, PEACHES DECLARES

All Browning's Millions Could Not Repay Her for Life of Terror, She Says

What price love?

Peaches Browning, in this installment of her revelations of her life as the Cinderella bride of the aged rector, declares that all the rest of her life she will pay for the infatuation which led her to become the bride in a December-May romance.

"Love is not a bargain," she writes, "but it is too much when one is paid in pain."

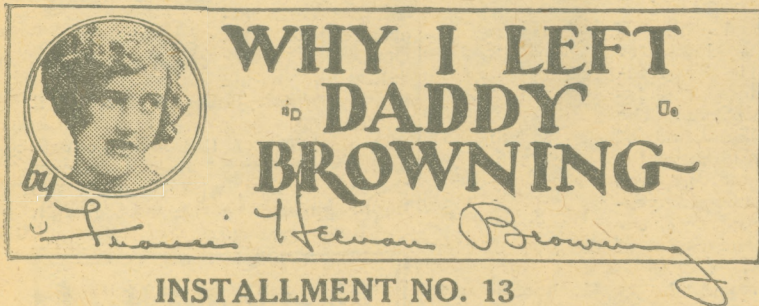
A cold, cheerless, formal home, contrasted with the cozy, warm, comfortable home she had known before her marriage!

Cheap, showy bargain dresses, bought for show, contrasted with the clothes her mother had sewed for her, with "love in every stitch."

Terror in her bed at night as the "Woof, woof," of the Cinderella man's "bear game" chilled her to the heart and caused her to swoon.

What price love?

Read Peaches's story!



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What is the price of love?

What is it worth?

In the peaceful days since I have been away from Mr. Browning I have had a chance to think back over my life with Mr. Browning and the life I led before I met him. I have had a chance to review my thoughts, my hopes, my dreams, my disillusionment.

What a terrible price I paid for my short hour of love! And I'll be paying for it during the rest of my life, because the memory of those six months of suffering seems to overshadow all else.

What did I get in return for the love I gave?

Love Not a Bargain

Of course, love isn't a bargain. One does not give it merely to get something in return. But when one is paid for love by pain—that's something else again.

A lot of people say that I married Mr. Browning for his money. That is absolutely false. Money was the last thing in my mind when I met him. Money didn't mean much to me at that time.

Mother and I were living very comfortably. We had everything we wanted. Our home was nice and cozy, and we were very happy. I had all the little things dear to a girl's heart, and I did not feel any lack of money.

Of course, many of the things I had represented little sacrifices on the part of mother, but I realize now that she loved to make those sacrifices for me, even when they were unnecessary. I suppose most mothers are like that—not happy unless they are giving up something for their children.

But I don't mean to convey the impression that either of us ever had to go without things we really needed and wanted. On the other hand, we always had plenty to keep us happy and contented.

My girl friends used to stay at my home a lot, and they always remarked what an adorable little place we had—everything fixed up like a girl would want it.

Contrast in Homes

When I think of that, and then think of the cold, bare places I lived in with my millionaire husband—ugh! A \$40-a-week shipping clerk could give me a better place than he did. At least it would be a home that I could fix up to my taste, not colorless hotel rooms.

Before I was married mother used to make all my clothes; not

because she had to but because she wanted to. She sewed very well, and she always wanted to be sure they were just right. She loved to sew, and she made me the darlinest things in the world. Love went into every stitch.

Got Bargain Dresses

How different from the clothes I wore when I became the wife of the millionaire "Cinderella Man," who was "surrounded by lavish luxury." Oh, it is to laugh!

Mr. Browning's bargain dresses! Many of them didn't cost more than \$25. And when one did cost more than that you can be sure that the display value was far greater than the cost. My husband always had three estimates for things he bought. For instance, if he got something for me he would figure this way: "It was worth \$50, the price was \$35, and I paid \$25." Nothing pleased him more than striking a good bargain, no matter how little the amount.

Of course, he bought me a few very nice things to show me off for the newspapers. But, oh, the price I paid! What is a sable coat or a really beautiful dress compared with the suffering I underwent?

I would have given up every nice dress I ever had to have been spared that moment of torture when Mr. Browning would come lumbering into our bedroom, while I was half asleep and growl "Woof! Woof!" like a bear, in my ear. He acted so strangely I didn't know what had happened to him. Maybe he was just playing, but it almost frightened me to death.

Swoons at "Woof, Woof"

Why should he be imitating a bear or something? I was so frightened I went into a sort of swoon. For days I was so nervous I didn't know what to do.

That was only just one little bit of the price I paid for my girlhood foolishness in marrying Mr. Browning.

Sometimes I wonder whether any other girl was ever so happy before her marriage and so miserable afterward. It is strange

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Before Daddy Turned Frigid



DADDY BROWNING didn't always cast a cold chill of terror over his pretty Cinderella. In fact, he wooed the young Miss Heenan with all the impetuous ardor of a youthful Lothario, sweeping her off her feet, as she wrote. In the above photograph Browning and his child-wife are seen in the early days of their wedded life, gay, smiling and happy with Peaches snuggling up against Daddy, who has his arm about her. But those days are gone.

Sheik Cop Probes Clues To Mystery Man in Hasty Flight of Heiress Bride

From the wreckage of the blighted romance of Patrolman George Sylvester Wandling and the former Claire Sugg, \$15,000,000 Buffalo heiress, there arose last night the sinister figure of a man of mystery—a man reputed to be wealthy and influential.

His presence in the domestic affairs of the strangely mated couple, which snapped Thursday night when Mrs. Wandling, impelled by some grave fear, left her husband and boarded a train for the upstate home of her parents, was discovered by the husband soon after he had refused \$100,000 to divorce his wife.

Alone in his grief, still professing ardent love for his bride of seven weeks, Wandling today is employing every means to locate the man, known to him as C. B. Roberts.

Three Clues

An old telephone bill, a motor license and a birthday card which fell into the policemen's hands have caused him to undertake a searching investigation to get at the bottom of the muddled affair.

The bill was sent to the apartment at 611 West 163d St., which Wandling and his wife occupied since their marriage in Buffalo on September 9. It had been forwarded from 233 West 77th St., where Miss Suggs formerly lived. The bill bore the name of Mrs. C. B. Roberts.

His curiosity aroused, Wandling asked his wife about the matter and she explained the bill was intended for her sister, Mrs. Marion Wagner. She declared that Mrs. Wagner was known in West 163d Street as Mrs. Roberts. The patrolman was convinced by the explanation.

But shortly afterward he picked up a driver's license in his home which had been made out to Claire B. Roberts. Once more he interrogated his wife, and again she declared the name was that employed by her sister.

David Gardiner Sued by Widow For \$110,000

Through an application to the Brooklyn Supreme Court by attorneys for Mrs. Ethel White Remsen, a widow, to vacate an order for her examination before trial, it was revealed that she had started an action in Suffolk county to recover \$110,000 from David Gardiner, a descendant of the Gardiners Island family of colonial days. Mr. Gardiner lives on an estate known as Santikos Manor, at Bay Shore, L. I.

The suit is based on the allegation that Mr. Gardiner agreed to pay Mrs. Remsen, a former friend, \$110,000 in settlement of her claim against him, but had failed to do so. In his amended answer and opposition to the motion to vacate the order for her examination he said Mrs. Remsen's original claim was for \$400,000.

Mr. Gardiner makes a general denial of the complaint, and says the alleged agreement mentioned therein was obtained from him by the plaintiff and one Ten Eyck Wendell in collusion with her, by fraud, misrepresentation and duress.

British Ship Sends SOS From Bahamas

The British freighter Eastway sent out an S O S call at 6.20 last night, saying she was in distress at latitude 31-25 north and longitude 64-15 south. It is believed that the Eastway, which was last reported at Hampton Roads on October 15, was somewhere in southern waters near the Bahamas.

Up to an early hour this morning no steamship had been reported going to the aid of the Eastway, which is a 6,000-ton steamship.

Paroled by Court



ESTELLA PERELZWEIG

Girl, 16, Who Stole To Support Family, Paroled by Court

Estella Perelzweig, 16, 1838 Vyse Ave., The Bronx, was placed on probation yesterday after she had been convicted by a board of justices in Special Sessions Court of stealing a pair of child's leggings from a customer at Macy's, where she was employed as a parcel checker.

Estella pleaded that she be permitted to return home and continue to support her brother, 10, her sister, 8, and her mother. She said that for the last year she had supported the family on her salary of \$14 a week, of which 20 cents a day went for lunch and carfare. Her father died ten years ago.

Probation Officer Teresa St. Clair declared the child had taken other articles, valued at \$140, by forging the names of customers. These were candy, toys and children's clothing which she told her mother had been given her by a "boy friend."

The justices, Murphy, Healy and Drenzo, recommended that the girl be turned over to the Jewish Relief Board.

N. Y. U. SCHOLARSHIPS

New York University announced a list of forty-seven scholarship awards, totaling \$8,250, for the Washington Square College. The names of thirty-five honor men of the Engineering College at University Heights also were published.